The Character of A Tozey.

A *TORY* is a *Monſter* with an *Engliſh Face*, a *French Heart*, and an *Iriſh Conſcience*. A Creature of a Large *Forehead*, Prodigious *Mouth*, Supple *Hams*, and no *Brains*.

The Country-mans Deſcription of him, was both Rhyme and Reaſon;

Roary, Whorey, Sworey, Scorey,
That's a *TOREY:*

For *Noiſe* and *Debauchery*, *Oathes* and *Beggary*, are the Four *Elements* that Compoſe him: His *Arms* are thoſe of *Iſſachar*, An *Aſs Couchant*; and his Mark is a *Red-Ribbon* in his Capp, to ſhew, That he belongs to the *Scarlet Whore*, by her Bloody Livery; or elſe, you may take it for a *Wedding-favour*, That whenever *Popery* and *Tyranny* ſhall make a *Match*, he would fain be a *Bride-man*.

He ſeems Deſcended from *Eſau*, ſince he is ſo ready to Truck away an Invaluable *Birthright* for a *French Kickſhaw*, and a Nauſeous Meſs of *Italian Pottage*. Or if you will run his *Pedigree* higher, you may call him a *Noddite*, one of the Race of *Cain* the Murderer, that would fain be *Perſecuting* his Brother, meerly becauſe he is *more Righteous* than Himſelf.

Take our *TORIES* in the *State*, and they are *Caterpillers* that Devour every *Green thing* in a Flouriſhing Kingdom, and would Stab *Liberty* and *Property* to the Heart, That they themſelves, like *Beaſts of Prey*, might live wholly upon *Spoil and Rapine*; fit only to be Subjects to *Nebuchadnezzar*, when bereav'd of Human Sence, he Hearded with the *Wild Aſſes* of the *Deſert*. Though they boaſt themſelves *Engliſhmen*, yet they Act in all things as *Antipodes* to their Native Country; and ſeem rather *Bog-trotters* Tranſplanted, the Spawn of ſome *Red-ſhanks*, or the By-blows of the Old *Lazy Lord-Danes*, that once Domineer'd over our Anceſtors: They are a ſort of *Wild Boars*, that would root out the Conſtitution, and break the Ballance of our happy Government; and render that *Deſpotick*, which hitherto has been both Eſtabliſhed and bounded by *Law*. *Fauxes* in Maſquerade, that with *Dark-lanthorn* Polices, would at once blow up the Two Bulwarks of our Freedom, *PARLIAMENTS* and *JURIES*; making the *Firſt*, only a *Parliament of Paris*: and the *Latter*, but meer Tools, to *Eccho* back the pleaſure of a Judge. They are ſo certain, That *Monarchy* is *Jure Divino*; That they look upon all People living under *Ariſtocracys*, or *Democracys*, to be in a State of *Damnation*. And fancie, That the *Grand Seignior*, the *Czar of Muſcovy*, and the *French King* dropt down from *Heaven* with *Crowns* on their Heads, and that all their Subjects were Born with *Saddles* on their Backs. Your True *TORY* is as fond of *Slavery*, as others are of *Liberty*, and will be at as much Pains and *Charge* to obtain it; for he Envies the Happineſs of *Canvas Breeches* and *Wooden Shoes*; and extreamly Admires the Mercy of the *Inquiſition*. He Rails at *Magna Charta* as the Seed-plot of *Sedition*; Swears, That it was firſt obtained by *Rebellion*, and that all our Fore-fathers were *Rogues and Fools*, and did not underſtand *Prerogative*. He wonders, why People ſhould ſquander away their time at the *Inns of Court*, or what need there is either of the *Common Law*, or the *Statute-Book*, the King might at any time, with quicker diſpatch declare his Pleaſure in any Point or Controverſie, and each Loyal Subject were bound to Acquieſce, on pain of Damnation. Yet after all, his boaſted *Loyalty* extends no further than a Drunken Health; He *Roars* and *Swaggers*, but does not *Serve* the King: He promiſes Mountains, and by *Lies* and Miſrepreſentations, gives *Falſe Meaſures*, but performs nothing: Nor is it the Cauſe, but the Cruſt, that he Barks for.

Then in Relation to the Church,---*TORY* is either a *Crab-Proteſtant*, that *crawls backwards* as faſt as he can to *Rome*; or at beſt, but the *Catts-foot* wherewith the Romiſh *Monkeys* Claw the Proteſtant Religion till the Blood comes: one that does their Drugery though he has not always the Wit to ſee it, and all the Wages he muſt expect, is *Polypheme's* Curteſie, To be Devoured *Laſt*. He is a *Flambeau* kindled by the *Jeſuits*, and flung in, to make a *Combuſtion* amongſt us. Whilſt we were Hunting down their *Plot* with a full Cry, they ſlipt in this *Deep-mouth'd* Hound, who ſpending on a *falſe Scent* diverted the Chaſe, and ſo the *Popiſh Puſs ſquats ſafe in her Form:* and now quitting the Purſuit of the *Foxes*, he begins to Worry the *Sheep*. He pretends high for the Church of *England*; but as he underſtands not her Doctrin, ſo he Diſhonours her by his Lewd Converſation: What a pretty Pious Confeſſion of Faith is it, to hear a *Bully* Cry,---*God-Dam-Mee, I am of the Church of* England, *and all the* Presbyterians *are Sons of Whores*. Indeed, the only proof both of his *Religion* and *Courage*, is, That he Swears moſt frequently by that *Tremendous* Name, at which, leſſer Devils Tremble: and his Chriſtianity conſiſts in *Curſing* all thoſe that he is pleaſed to call *Phanaticks*, and *Phanaticks* he calls all thoſe, that are not content to be either *Papiſts* or *Atheiſts*. His *Tongue* is always Tipt with *Dam--mee*, and *Forty one*; and ſo *hot*, (being ſet on Fire of *Hell*) that he is fain to drink *Healths*, (ſometimes to the *Pope*, and ſometimes to the *Devil*,) Sixty times an Hour to quench it; and then Belches out *Huzza*'s as faſt, as Mount *Strombulo* does Fire and Brimſtone.

Whilſt he Clamours at *Diſſenters* for not coming to *Church*, he thinks 'tis Canonical enough to *Sleep* over the *Lordsday* to Digeſt the Fumes of *Saturdays* Debauch, or take a walk in *Guild-Hall-yard*, peep in at the Preacher, and preſently Retire to the Tavern for a whet to Dinner, or elſe to meet the Club of *Witty Good-mockers* by *Fleet-Ditch* ſide, and Droll away the day in Blaſphemy, Ridiculing Religious Duties, or Inventing *Jack-Pudding Lies* of ſome pretended *Nonconformiſts* Preaching. If he be ſomewhat of a more Serious Temper, he is as very a ſuperſtitious *Bigot*, as any in the *Papacy*, he would rather have no Preaching than that the Surplice ſhould be left off, and thinks his Child not Chriſ[illegible] if it be not done with the ſign of the *Croſs*, he counts *Opus operatum* ſufficient, and if he have but been at *Common-Prayer*, and made his *Reſponſes* loud enough to drown the Clark, and had the Parſons Bleſſing, his Task is done and all is ſafe. Fleſh on a *Friday* is more Abomination to Him, than his Neighbours Bed, and he Abhors more not to *Bow* at the Syllables of the word *Jeſus*, than to Swear by the name of *God*.

He has got a *New Engliſh Dictionary* Framed by the Indefatigable Skill of *Heraclitus* and the *Obſervator*, whereby he Traverſties the moſt Loyal honeſt Senſe into *Blaſphemy* and *Treaſon*. Talk ſoberly of *Religion*, and he Flaps you over the Face with Hereſy, Schiſm, Fanaticiſm and Faction, or roundly calls you *Confounded Whigg*, and ſo you are Confuted. Urge never ſo modeſtly *Legal Fundamental Rights*, and mention Irregularities, though in a place appointed to Remedy them, he cries out, *Rebellion! Treaſon!* You *Depoſe the King*! You *Arraign the Government* &c. Mention the *Commons* of *England* and the *General Senſe* of the Nation, and he exclaims, Dam the *Mobile* and your *Appeals* to the *Rabble*; And yet at the ſame time Courts and Applauds Tagg Ragg and Long-tail, the *Cooks and Chandlers of New Sarum*, and ſuch other *Worſhipful Patriots*, for declaring their three half-penny Judgments of the higheſt Affairs of State, in their *Addreſſes*. And as for the two laſt Parliaments, every petty *Chap-man*, or *Apprentice-Boy*, takes upon him to Cenſure the grave Proceedings of thoſe *Venerable Senates*, as malepartly as if they had been but a Company of Fidlers.

Yet ſtill he fears not *God*, ſo much as a *Parliament*: But the reaſon why he Blaſphemes the *one*, and Rails at the *other*, is becauſe as he really beleives not a Future Judgment in the *other* World, So he puts *far off* the other (to him) evil day in *this*, and hopes to Eſcape the Juſtice of both, by the Mediation of Saint *Noli Proſequi*.

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